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## TALES.

### THE FLOWER FANCIER.

#### A DOMESTIC STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

*And for which one of the series of Premiums offered by the Publishers was awarded and paid.*

#### CHAPTER I.

ONE fine morning in the month of July, 1816, a stranger was seen to stop at an elegant, but unostentatious dwelling, situated at the extremity of a very pretty village, on the banks of the Genesee. Here he remained so long examining a garden that was laid out with peculiar taste, and adorned with an unusual variety of rare and choice flowers, that he at length attracted the attention of Mrs. Power, wife of the proprietor of the mansion.

"I do wonder what that man can want lounging about our garden fence so long?" said she to her daughter—"I have been watching him for the last half hour, and he is there still."

"What is he like, mother?" asked a feeble voice, which proceeded from a sickly girl, about eighteen years of age, who lay extended on a couch, to which she had been long confined, in consequence of a disease of the spine—"Is he old or young?"

"Oh, he is old—not less than fifty, at the least."

"Then he cannot be any one waiting to get a sight of Flora."

"No, indeed! His days for looking after pretty girls are over, I guess. But I cannot imagine what he can want. He goes round and round, examining every flower as he passes it, as if he had never seen such a thing as a flower in his life before."

"It is very propable he never did see such flowers before. But I hope he does not meditate depriving poor Flora of any of them?"

"His manner is very strange, at any rate," returned the mother; "and I think, Emma, if you can spare me a few minutes, I will go into the garden, for he is now round at the far side and completely hid by the laburnum, and I will pretend to be busy with some of the flowers, so that when he comes to the front again he will have an opportunity of saying what he wants, if he has a mind to."

"Well, do, mother. But just tell me before you go what he is like, that I may be able to fancy I see him, whilst I hear you talking, which I can very easily do, if you throw open this window."

"There is nothing very beautiful about him," returned the mother, as her eyes again rested upon the stranger, who by this time was making another circuit to the front of the garden. "He has something in his walk and air that would induce me to call him a gentleman, if his dress did not bear so

flat a contradiction to the assertion; for the whole of his habiliments, I believe, coat, vest, old straw hat, and every thing he has on, are not worth five dollars; and yet he is perfectly clean and neat in his person. Then he has a great quantity of very bushy, half gray, half sandy-colored hair about his face, and immense whiskers, that seem to have turned red with shame at being brought to meet round his chin."

"What a fright he must be!" said the daughter, with a faint laugh, as she listened to her mother's description.

"But you have not heard the worst," added the parent; "for to crown all, he has a pair of large green spectacles. But now," she continued, as she hastened to the door, "he is again at the far side of the garden, so I will go."

She had not been many minutes engaged in tying up some fine carnations to the long sticks that had been placed for their support, when the stranger came round and stood by the fence almost close to her.

"May I take the liberty, madam, of asking if you are the proprietor of these rare and beautiful flowers?" he asked, in a courteous tone of voice, and a manner that accorded but ill with his general appearance.

"I am the mistress of the garden, but not the proprietor of the flowers," returned the lady. "They belong to a young girl who lives with me."

"May I beg the favor of seeing the young lady?" the stranger again asked. "I should like very much to know if she could be induced to dispose of some of them."

"She is not in the house at present—she is out rambling in the woods somewhere or other; but I am sure I can give you your answer, sir, for I believe she would as soon sell a tooth out of her head as one of these flowers."

"I should like much to have an opportunity of trying to persuade her," returned the other, "and believe I could use pretty powerful arguments, for price would be no object."

"As to money, through she has very little of it, poor girl, it would be no greater object with her than with yourself. The flowers have all been given to her by a friend that she has a great respect for, and that feeling, combined with her love for the flowers themselves, will, I am sure, prevent her from parting with one of them. But I see she is coming, sir; so you will have a chance of trying the power of your arguments. Flora! Flora!" cried the old lady, as two young girls appeared emerging from a wood at a short distance—"Bless me!" she continued, in a querulous tone, as she who was addressed came with her companion into the garden by a side gate, "what a figure you are, with your hair all over your face, and your dress torn! I believe in my heart you would run

about with that poor idiot girl till you had torn off every rag of your clothes."

"It was impossible to resist her," said the girl thus spoken to, in a tone of voice singularly melodious, "when she came and took hold of my hand and drew me away with her, to a tree where there was a squirrel's nest; and after she had climbed up the tree and got that young squirrel, and was coming down again, her hair became entangled in the branches, so that I had to go up and help her to disengage it, and that was the way I got my dress torn."

"You are a pretty couple together! It is hard to tell which of you is the wildest or has the least thought about you," returned the other, in no very gentle accents, "she without sense and you not making use of that you have. You are an excellent match! I wish you could see yourself and her just as you are!"

And here we will pause a moment and endeavor to describe the beings thus spoken of. But where shall we find words to give an idea of the exquisite creature that stood before her mistress, in her simple wrapper, confined by a narrow band round a snowy neck of the most finished form, and again at her small waist by a belt of the same material, with her rich, bright auburn tresses hanging in luxuriance round her Hebe face, in which vivacity and sensibility seemed to contend for the mastery; while her beautiful little hand, small foot and finely turned ankle formed altogether a model that a Sully or a Neagle would delight to study! Nor was her companion though less beautiful, an object of much less interest to the eye of sensibility. The poor idiot, as we have heard her named, was a girl of fifteen years of age, two years at least the junior of her companion; but her diminutive form, exceedingly fair complexion, and the unusually child-like expression of her small but well-formed features, gave her the appearance of being much younger. Her hair, which was flaxen, was remarkably long, and plaited in two long plaits, which however, instead of being left to hang down her back, according to the fashion of the present day, were brought over her shoulders and tied together in front, while a rose, a knot of ribbons, or some ornament of the kind, were invariably fastened to the ends where they were united. On her head was a round straw hat, turned up in front, and adorned with something similar to that which was fastened to her hair. Nor was the other part of her dress less singular. It consisted of a petticoat of blue muslin—blue it invariably was, for she would wear no other color, though the texture of the material varied with the season—with a body of either white, or some very light colored fabric, which was finished off with a sort of tunic, which was not permitted to exceed a quarter of a yard in depth; no matter how long it was originally made

it was sure to be reduced before she had worn it an hour to the same scanty dimensions. It was far however, from being unbecoming; for it bore so close a resemblance to the polkas of the present fashion that, were it seen now, it would be thought to have quite a stylish appearance. The manners of the being thus singularly equipped were in general perfectly quiet, and she appeared to be unconscious of anything that was passing, amusing herself with some flower or animal; for of nature, whether animate or inanimate, she was extravagantly fond; and yet a few words would occasionally burst from her which proved that she was sometimes capable, for an instant, of both thinking and feeling correctly. All colloquial coherency, however was beyond her powers, and it seemed as if her mind, like a sudden conflagration, would emit an almost poetic flash, but scorched by its own heat, it was immediately consumed, and nothing was behind but a desolate waste.

We shall now however, leave this fanciful being playing with the squirrel that she held in her hand, and return to the stranger, whom we left standing by the garden fence. He had withdrawn a little from observation, as Flora and her companion entered the garden; but on hearing Mrs. Power say, "Here is a gentleman that has been waiting a long time to see you, and he wants to say something to you about your flowers," he came forward with the easy dignity of a man of the world, and at the same moment that a faint voice was heard calling "mother," and Mrs. Power returned to the house, he touching his hat with an air of the greatest respect, addressed himself to the beautiful girl, who it would have required no great stretch of imagination to believe was in reality the goddess of flowers. But if struck with deference at the first view of the lovely, but volatile and romping girl, how much was that feeling increased, when, at the sight of him, Flora threw back the over-shadowing ringlets from her face, and fastening them behind her ear as well as that small organ was capable of retaining them, the dignified woman, the graceful, yet almost commanding female stood before him.

"I have been so exceedingly delighted with the beauty of these flowers," said the stranger, who in spite of his threadbare coat, red whiskers and green spectacles, showed by his manner that nature had intended him for a gentleman, "that I have taken the liberty of waiting to see if it would not be possible to prevail upon you to dispose of some of them. I am a flower fancier, and when I meet with anything of the kind that appears particularly rare or beautiful, I care little what the cost is, if I can obtain it."

"I am sorry I cannot gratify you sir," said Flora with graceful sweetness; "but I love my flowers almost as a mother does her children, and it would be as difficult, I believe, to induce me to part with one of them as to prevail upon a parent to sell her child."

"But where you have duplicates," remonstrated the flower fancier; "for instance, these dahlias, though they are of so uncommon and fine a kind, yet as you have at least two roots of each variety you could hardly be said to rob yourself by parting with one of them."

"I believe I must again exemplify my feelings by those of a mother," said the beautiful girl, with a modest but bright smile, "and ask you if you ever found one who was more willing to part with

a child, because twins had been given to her? Each child has its own peculiar qualities of endearment, and it is the same with these flowers. For instance, this dahlia was given to me by a friend whom I highly value. Of course, I could not dispose of it; and this which is like it, was a little sprout, without any root to it, that I accidentally broke off when I was transplanting it, and our poor little Annette there," and as she spoke she pointed to the idiot girl, who still stood caressing her squirrel, without appearing to hear any thing that passed, "planted it and to her great delight and my surprise it struck root, and is now the finer plant of the two. I am sure therefore, you cannot suppose, sir, that I would part with it."

"But all, I presume, have not equal claims to your regard?" urged the importunate stranger.

"I believe there is not a flower in the garden that has not its own little history, by which it is endeared to either Annette or myself."

"Your little sister?" said the gentleman in a tone of interrogation.

"No, sir!" said the interesting girl, whilst her countenance exhibited a sensibility that overcame for the time, the sparkling vivacity which it generally displayed, "I am not so happy as to have a sister, though there are some that I love as such, and Annette is one of them."

"You must be valuable indeed, to your parents, if you are their only treasure," said the flower fancier, whose look betrayed the warmest admiration, though tempered with the utmost respect. "If your flowers are so dear to you, what must you be to parents who have none besides?"

Flora raised her large speaking eyes, which were now filled with tears, to the face of the stranger, as she said in a tone of deep feeling—

"I have no parents; if I had, my flowers, perhaps, would be of less value to me; but as it is, I have nothing in the world to cling to, for the only two beings that love me very dearly are both almost as helpless as my flowers themselves."

"This is one of them," said the stranger, as Annette, at this instant, happening to cast her eyes on Flora, and seeing the big tears which by this time were coursing each other down her cheek, ran to her, and wiping away the pearly drops, kissed her, and put the squirrel to her hands, as if that was sure to comfort her; but having done this, all her powers of connected thought seemed to be exhausted, and the next moment she was watching a humming bird that was rifling the sweets of a large honey-suckle.

"Yes, this is one of them," said Flora, in reply to the remark that the stranger had made, "and the other is equally helpless, though in a different way. In Annette you see great personal activity, with only occasional glimpses of mind; and in Emma there is mind, with a total prostration of all bodily powers."

"And are these two sisters?" asked her companion, whose feelings were evidently much interested.

"No they are not at all connected. Annette is the child of a widow lady in the neighborhood, and belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable families in the State."

"And has the poor widow no other child to console her for the imbecility of this one?"

"Oh, yes," returned Flora, with animation, "she has a son, who I would say, possesses a double

share of intellect to make up for the deficiencies of his sister, did I not believe that Annette's misfortune is not so much a want of mind as some defect in the physical organs which obstruct its operations."

"Your affection has made you ingenious," said the stranger, smiling, "in proving your little friend is not an idiot. Is her brother in this part of the country?"

"Yes; he studied medicine and graduated as a physician in New-York, and distinguished himself so highly in his profession that he was much urged to settle in that city; but to leave his mother with no other companion than Annette, or to restrain that wandering child of nature within the confines of a city, was equally impossible, and he therefore preferred coming and practising in his native place."

"And I hope he will be as successful as he deserves," said the flower merchant, with warmth. "And now may I take the liberty of asking you to gratify my curiosity with regard to your other friend?"

"She possesses a strong, active mind, a sound judgement, and a warm heart; but, alas! her body is as imbecile as Annette's mind, for a disease of the spine has deprived her of the power even of raising her hands. But she is so mild, so gentle, so patient and affectionate, that every body loves her, and are delighted to assist her."

"She is a relation of yours, I suppose?" said the gentleman, in a tone of inquiry.

"No, sir, no relation; but she is the daughter of the lady and gentleman with whom I live, and with whom I have been ever since I lost my last parent, which was when I was very young."

As Flora spoke her voice faltered, and the stranger said, in a tone of sympathy—

"You never had the happiness, then, of knowing your parents?"

"I sometimes fancy that I remember my father," said the lovely girl, whose beauty, if we might trust the expression of his countenance, appeared to increase every moment in the eyes of the listener, "and his image seems often to flit across my mind as a pleasing vision; but as I was only three years old at the time of his death, I suppose it is merely imagination."

At this moment Mrs. Power came to the door, and called out—

"Flora you had better ask the gentleman into the house, instead of standing there so long in the hot sun!"

Flora did as she was desired, with the grace that accompanied all her actions; but the stranger replied—

"I thank you—I have a long way to ride to-day; but as I am in search of a remarkable flower that I am told is a native of this part of the country, I shall often be in this neighborhood, and shall take the liberty of calling again, in the hope that you may have relented with respect to some of yours."

"Pray, what is the description of the flower you are in search of?" asked Flora. "Perhaps I may be able to assist you in discovering it. There are few blossoms of any description, I believe, within several miles round that Annette does not know;" and just as she spoke, Annette returned to her side and again took possession of her squirrel.

"It is a sort of compound flower," said the stran-



ger, though not in the botanical acceptance of the term, for it unites the rose and the lily at once in its construction."

"That is curious!" returned Flora—"I should be glad if I could assist you in discovering it."

"It would be worth many thousands of dollars to me if I could once get possession of it."

Annette put her finger first to Flora's cheek and said "Rose," and then to her snowy neck and said "Lily."

"Your little friend knows how to pay a compliment," remarked the flower fancier smiling.

"Can you wonder that I love her?" asked the beautiful girl, whose whole face, as well as neck, now displayed the color of the rose. She turned to Annette as she spoke, but the idiot was already engrossed with a number of ants that were engaged in carrying off a dead fly, and thought no more of even her darling Flora.

"I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again soon," said the courteous stranger, "and hope still to be able to prevail upon you to part with some of your flowers." Whilst speaking, he brought his horse, which had been fastened to a tree, and mounting it he saluted her respectfully and rode off.

Flora stood and watched him till he was out of sight, and then hastened into the house to give Emma an account of all that passed, and to wonder that she could have been won so suddenly into sociability by one who at first appeared so exceedingly unprepossessing.

## CHAPTER II.

We shall now change the scene to a large ostentatious-looking mansion, situated on an eminence, and commanding a splendid view of the river and surrounding country. It was about a mile distant from the residence of Mr. Power, and was the habitation of a Mr. Travers, a lawyer, who rejoiced greatly in the possession of that which, according to Scripture, renders the kingdom of Heaven so difficult of attainment. It was much the largest building in the neighborhood, and bore about it an air of importance and command far beyond any of the houses in the village; for the man to whom it belonged was ever heedful of every little particular that would tell to the eye of the stranger, though careful at the same time to unite *l'agréable à l'utile*. Nor was the interior of the mansion less imposing, for the spacious and lofty apartments were furnished with an elegance, and even splendor, very little known in the interior of the country at that period. It was necessary, he said, to his comfort and happiness that he should be able to accommodate his friends in a manner agreeable to both their feelings and his own; but it was frequently remarked by his neighbors that, notwithstanding all these arrangements, not a creature had ever been known to take even a social meal with the master of all this splendor since the death of his wife, which had occurred many years previous to the period of which we are speaking, and was a circumstance that might have excited the sympathy of the tender-hearted, had they not noticed that the solitary man was always well-disposed to partake of the hospitality and join in the festivity that he met with in the houses of his neighbors. His language and style of conversation bore a close resemblance to his domestic arrangements; for as the latter were all calculated to present the outward marks of liberality and refinement, so were the former smooth, polished, and adorned with the phrases "liberality

of soul," "nobleness of mind," "the love of justice," and the habit of "doing as we would be done by," and many others of the same stamp, but which were in reality brought into as little use in his intercourse with the world as the furniture of his house was in the offices of hospitality. On himself, however he spared nothing, and left no art untried to please his palate, though he would meekly quote the saying of Quintillian, "Non ut edam vivo, sed ut vivam edo." I do not live to eat, but eat to live.

Mr. Travers was in truth a hard man at heart, with a wondrous command of soft, oily sentiments on his tongue's end. On most subjects his opinions were indefinite, perplexed and contradictory, and bets were often made by the wags of the village whether, on a given day and hour he would be in favor of one political candidate or the other; but in general it was conjectured that, if in his conversation he leaned to one party, he had his revenge by voting for the other. It was one of his maxims never to commit himself unless there were something to be gained by it; and when hard pushed none knew better than he how to find shelter in the unintelligible.

"Of darkness visible, so much he lent  
As half to show, half veil his deep intent."

But touch his interest—all hesitation, all uncertainty, was at an end in a moment: no intellect could be clearer, no action more decided, no logic more cogent. Though naturally timid and fearful he at once became bold and vigorous. Proteus himself had no power of transformation so complete and instantaneous.

Mr. Travers had only one child, a son who at the time we introduce him was nearly twenty. He had tried to make this son an exact copy of himself, and viewed his work thus far with great complacency; but it was the opinion of many that Mr. Travers, Junior, was likely to carry out some of the peculiarities of his father somewhat further than the original. The youth was tall and good looking, and in the business of education the father had spared nothing except his son's trouble. First at school, and afterwards at college, he provided him with tutors, who were required to translate his Greek and Latin for him, and to pave the road to knowledge for the youth so smoothly that he should not be sensible of the least inconvenience from the journey. Mr. Travers always declared that Greek and Latin were of no use, and therefore, though every gentleman is expected to know something of them, the easier the business was got over the better. The young man had the credit of being a student at the college of New-York, and he sometimes gave it out that he intended to prepare himself for following his father's profession, and at others that he had determined to graduate as a physician; but though possessed of good natural talents, those who watched him closely saw all that want of steady application that might naturally be expected from the education he had received, and to the doting father alone did he give any indications of the "finished gentleman" that his parent had always declared it was his determination to make him.

The business of the college had, at the period at which we are about to introduce the young man to our readers, been for some time closed, and the anxious father had been looking for upwards of a week to see his son return home, but hitherto he

had watched and wished for him in vain. One evening, however, as he sat looking over some papers, by the aid of a small lamp, which scarcely gave light enough through the room to show that it was not in total darkness, whilst on the same table were placed two massive silver candlesticks, furnished with spermacetti candles ready for lighting, the sound of a horse's feet galloping up the avenue struck his ear. The careful lawyer had just time to light the candles, and extinguish the little kitchen lamp, and put it into a closet near him, when the door opened and his son Alfred entered the room.

"Ah, my son!" cried the delighted father, "I am most happy to see you. How does it happen you have been so long of coming?"

"I have been detained by important business," returned the youth, in a careless tone of voice, "and have not now come empty handed. Here pa, take that!" and as he spoke, he threw a small bundle of paper on the table.

"What is, this, my son? A bundle of bank notes! Where did they come from? Whose are they?"

"They were mine—now they are yours!" replied the heir, still speaking in the same careless tone. "There are two hundred dollars of them, the price you paid for Spanker; and now remember, pa he is my horse, and I may do with him as I like."

"But how does it all happen? Where did you get the money? You had no such sum in your own power."

"I will tell you about it now pa, that it is all over," replied the youth, seating himself, with easy air of indifference, by the table as he spoke. "I happened two or three weeks ago to be in company with a number of gentlemen who were boasting about their horses, and betting on them, and from all that I heard, I was very sure Spanker, could beat any of them. So when I wrote to you to send down Mike to me with Spanker, that I might ride home at my leisure, I in reality wanted him to run against one of these horses, which he did a week ago, and won me clear eight hundred dollars."

"Eight hundred dollars!" exclaimed the astonished father—"Wonderful! I am perfectly amazed! But how, my, my son," he continued as if recollecting himself, "did you get the stake to lay down in the first instance?"

"I coaxed it out of old aunt Catharine, under the promise that you would pay again."

"But if you had lost?"

"I should have lost, and you would have had to pay," returned the heir apparent, in a tone that he might have learnt from Lady Macbeth herself. "But I had screwed my 'courage to the sticking place,' and as I intended to run him myself, I was sure I should not lose."

"By George! it was a venture!" cried the father, as he turned over the bank notes with a look of great satisfaction—"It was a bold undertaking for a boy of your age. But I hope it will not tempt you to become a gambler! I assure you, my son," and the lawyer put on one of his well assumed looks of morality and goodness, "I consider a gambler one of the most contemptible characters that walk the face of the earth. They are all a set of worthless fellows, you may depend. There are no two ways about it! But you certainly made

a lucky hit this time. Eight hundred dollars! This is no mean week's work!" and as he spoke, he again took up the money and chuckled with delight; "but never try it again my son—never try it again!"

"Well, let that matter drop for to-night!" returned the hopeful youth; "and now, pa, tell me, how is Flora?"

"More beautiful than ever! She never looked so exquisitely lovely as she did when I saw her yesterday; for as her mind and form become more developed, her beauty increases in proportion."

"Does that fellow, Ed Selby, or as I suppose I ought to call him, Dr. Selby, still dangle after her as much as ever, feeding her passion for flowers by providing her with the finest the country can supply? By the by, I wonder how he gets them, for it takes no small sum of money to buy such flowers."

"I can tell you. The Spanish Consul in New-York, whom you know he had the credit last year of having cured, after the physicians who attended him had given up all hopes of his recovery, introduced him to a Mr. Tyrrell, of Canandaigua, whose daughter is a great cultivator of flowers, and it was she who gave him the fine roots that he brought to Flora."

"Good! I think I shall be able to make use of this information," said the son in a tone of satisfaction.

"This Signor—I forget his name—has been up here lately; for having had a slight return of his old complaint, he came to consult his young physician, and after remaining a few days, he returned quite well, and full of admiration and gratitude."

"Did you see him?"

"Of course. As he was a man of consequence, I called upon him, but got completely tired of hearing him talk of the young prodigy, as he called him."

"You promised me pa before I left, that you would try and get this young fellow driven out of the neighborhood."

"I know I did my son, and I have not been idle. I have done a good deal towards undermining the confidence of the neighboring population, by feigning sickness myself occasionally, and always sending for Thornton; and when I was asked why I did so, insinuating as if I were unwilling to speak out, that I had not much confidence in Selby. I was very much afraid of the eclat of this Spaniard's visit, but fortunately he did not associate with the people; and I have taken care to hint that his pretended visit to the doctor was only a cloak to cover some speculations in wheat that he was engaged in. I think, therefore, I shall succeed in driving your rival off the ground, for he is as poor as Job, and if his practice should fail, he will be obliged to run."

"If he do not go soon, it will be too late; for Flora is now of an age when her affections may be easily entangled."

"But wild and thoughtless as she is, I can hardly imagine she would be so inconsiderate as to connect herself with a man who not only has nothing, but who has a sickly mother and an idiot sister wholly dependant on him."

"Is her fortune at all considerable, pa? I never heard whether it was anything of importance."

"Not at all!—not at all! at least to any man who has money of his own; though too a poor, needy fellow, like Selby, any sum is worth trying for."

"I never knew pa, how you happened to be her guardian. Were her father and you very particular friends?"

"Oh, no! I was his man of business; and as he knew enough of me to be convinced that I was a man who despised an unjust or ungenerous action, and always made it an invariable rule 'to do as I would be done by,'—(Here the son might be seen to make a severe effort to restrain a smile.)

"he left me in charge of his money concerns, whilst he made a voyage to China, and from which he never returned. His child that was then only three years old, he left under Mrs. Power's care, to whom I was directed to pay a very handsome sum for her board; but as years rolled over, and all probability of his return died away, I gradually diminished their allowance, and at last when I became fully convinced that he would never come back, I brought it and her personal expenses very low, indeed, so that she cannot appear in anybody's eyes a prize worth struggling very hard for. I have kept reducing the allowance for her board more and more, in the hope that the Powers would decline keeping her any longer; but I believe in my heart that the foolish people would rather keep her for nothing than part with her, for she and Emma are so much attached to one another that the parents fancy it would kill their daughter to separate them."

"I wish she were anywhere else than with them," said the son, "whatever might be the consequence to Emma; for I am sure they are none of them well disposed towards me."

"Oh, as to them, I can easily manage the whole of them. I hold a rod that I can at any time make use of."

"I wish to goodness you would make use of it then, for I hate the whole set of them. The father with his proud air of superiority, that seems constantly to say, 'Though I am a poor man, I never did nor will ever commit an unworthy action; the mother, with her blunt speeches continually ringing in one's ears how few young men are like Edmund Selby; and the corpse-like daughter, who in consequence of her very sickness, is one of my greatest enemies, since she is the means of bringing Selby and Flora into daily contact."

"Well, keep yourself easy, my son, and we will manage them all. Do you play the agreeable to Flora, and above all, keep it a profound secret that you have had anything to do with racing. I know Mr. Power's opinions so well upon such subjects that I can tell, without ever having heard her speak of them, what Flora's ideas are of such things. I hope, my son, you have never mentioned the circumstance to any body?"

"Mike knows all about it, for he was present at the time."

"It is strange he never mentioned it to me when he came home!" exclaimed the father.

"I made him promise that he would not tell you, as I wished to surprise you with it myself."

"You have, indeed, surprised me; but be sure you never venture upon such a speculation again. I assure you, as I said before, I consider a gambler one of the most despicable characters upon earth. And with this moral reflection, the worthy

father took up the money which he had received from his son and put it carefully by, then wishing his heir a good night, he retired to his chamber.

#### CHAPTER III.

The following morning Flora was in the garden at an early hour, sometimes gazing with a mixture of delight and wonder at the splendid tiger flowers, that had just unfolded their bright crimson leaves, then running to the parlor window to tell Emma that the last bud that had to open, to complete the spike of a beautiful gladiolus, was now expanded, and at another time passing from dahlia to dahlia, admiring the variety of their colors and the manner in which their full round heads and cupped leaves fronted the view; for it must be remembered, that though dahlias of some grade or other are now to be found in almost every garden, at the time of which we are speaking, they were scarcely known, and though the finer kinds are still rare and valuable, they were then much more so. While the lovely girl was thus engaged, herself a more lovely flower than any which she looked at with such delighted admiration, Alfred Travers came into the garden and joined her.

"You seem more wrapped up in your flowers than ever, Flora," said the young man, after the salutations were over.

"Can you wonder at it, when you see how beautiful they are?" asked Flora, raising her fine expressive hazel eyes to his face, for she at the moment was stooping to twist the slender stalks of some cypress vines round the fence, which was interwoven with their light feathery leaves, and studded with the bright red flowers.

"They are indeed beautiful! I have never seen any equal to them, except in one nursery in New-York, where, I suppose, Miss Tyrrell procured them."

"How do you know they came from Miss Tyrrell's garden?" asked Flora with surprise.

"Oh! I know a good deal more about Miss Tyrrell than you imagine;" returned the young man significantly. "I was at Canandaigua only a few days ago, and heard some news there."

"What was it?" asked the artless girl with great simplicity.

"I heard that her flowers are not the only things she is likely to bestow upon a friend of ours." Flora again raised her eyes with an inquiring glance to the face of the young man, and at the same time a pang, such as she had never before felt, shot through her heart. This young, gay (and, as Mrs. Power would say, volatile and thoughtless) girl, though her heart was full of love, had never yet been sensible of it as a passion. She had all her life been in the habit of daily intercourse with Edmund Selby, who had attended at her own bedside, day and night, whilst she struggled with a dangerous illness, and had besides been for a long time the medical adviser of the interesting and helpless Emma. He was also not only the brother of Annette, but the almost idolized son of her to whom she felt that she owed all the finer and more elevated traits of her character; for Mrs. Power, though she had ever been kind and attentive to her, was not a woman of any cultivation or refinement; and in addition to all these claims upon her esteem, the intrinsic excellence of the young man himself was such as to excite her warmest admiration. She had known him to struggle with difficulties that would have crushed the ardor of any less energetic



mind, and to labor, notwithstanding all the depressing effects of straitened circumstances, to make himself master of his profession, and when he had gained the object for which he had toiled, and won the meed of applause from those who were capable of appreciating his merits; when his ambition had been excited by the promise of honors, and the certain prospect of wealth, she had seen him, out of affectionate sympathy for his mother, and his unfortunate though interesting little sister, withdraw from all these flattering and tempting scenes and retire to his native village, submitting without a murmur to all the ill-requited labor of a country physician. All this had Flora seen, but never once dreamt of its having excited any higher sentiment than esteem and admiration. Content with feeling herself a distinguished favorite, she had received the flowers that he had brought her as tokens of friendship, without asking herself if they had any other meaning, and was delighted to think that he had gained favor in the eyes of a young lady of the beauty and accomplishments that he had described Miss Tyrrell to be. But Alfred's hint immediately raised a tumult in her breast and called forth a crowd of emotions that had never before had a place in her bosom. Yet what was so natural as that Miss Tyrrell should love him! He was handsome, interesting, gentlemanly and highly talented. The only wonder was that such a thought had never before entered her mind. Nor was it less likely that he should reciprocate the passion. He had frequently, to Emma and herself, expatiated on the many pleasing qualities of his new friend, especially her talents and very engaging manners, and Flora was only surprised now to think that the idea had never before presented itself, of his heart doing homage to so many fascinating charms. So swift is the passage of thought that all these and many others similar reflections had glanced through her mind when she was roused by Alfred's saying,—"Here is is a most extraordinary looking being coming towards the garden;" and looking up from the cypress vines, that she had still continued to weave into the rails of the fence, she saw that the approaching visitor was the Flower Fancier. "I am come, my dear young lady," said he in a more familiar though perfectly respectful tone, "to see if you have repented of your yesterday's cruelty."

"I believe there is as little hope for you as ever, Sir," said Flora, forcing a smile upon her interesting countenance, which was very foreign to her feeling; "and yet I have some comfort for you. I have just heard from this gentleman that the same flowers may be had at a nursery in New-York."

"Oh! I have seen all that New-York can produce," returned the wearer of the green spectacles, looking at her with an expression, that even through them might be seen to be one of warm admiration; "but I assure you I would rather give fifty dollars for one of yours than five for any one that I saw there."

"If you could sell some of these flowers at so high a rate, Flora," said Travers, "you might increase your stock wonderfully, and I am persuaded, from what I saw when I was at the nursery, that you might get many much more curious and beautiful than these."

"No money could buy them," returned the gentle girl, and as she spoke she raised the head of an

exquisitely white dahlia, tipped with crimson, which might not inaptly have been compared to her own pure skin tinged with the blushes that a consciousness of feelings only just awakened in her heart, had produced. "She loves him, but he shall never have her," thought the young lawyer as he knit his brows and compressed his lips, though he pretended at the time only to be amusing himself with knocking off the heads of some white clover in the grassplot, on which he stood. At this moment Selby joined them, and Flora was surprised to see that he accosted her red-whiskered acquaintance as though they had met before. "You see," said the latter, "I am again trying to gain possession of some of these flowers, and have gone to the extravagant price of fifty dollars for the root of only this one dahlia;" and as he spoke he touched the flowers that Flora had just been looking at.

"Can it be purchased, Flora?" asked the young physician with evident anxiety.

"I believe not;" was the lovely girl's simple reply, but without raising her eyes as she spoke, for she had for the first time in her life become conscious of having that within her mind which she afraid to have discovered, and she too well knew the familiarity of him to whom she spoke, with every turn of her countenance, not to be sure that he would soon decipher it.

"Well, I will not urge you any further," said the flower fancier, "for I am afraid I have already agitated your spirits with my solicitations."

"Oh, no!" she replied, raising her head and forcing herself to speak cheerfully. "But you must not suppose I am always the giddy, romping girl you saw yesterday."

"I should be sorry to see less gaiety in one on whom it sits so gracefully," returned her green spectacled friend.

"It is well Mrs. Power does not hear you," said Flora laughing, "or she would say you were encouraging me in my faults."

"She cannot, surely, think gaiety a fault," replied her new acquaintance.

"She does very justly think so, when it deteriorates into volatility, which, I fear, is sometimes the case with me."

"Those who cannot laugh when a kiitten is playing, never deserve to have their cup sweetened with honey," said a voice that made them all start, and turning they saw Annette, who had entered the garden unobserved, and was standing at a little distance. But again the floating vision of thought had passed away, and, unconscious that she had spoken, she was busy watching a bee, as it flew from flower to flower, drawing down the cups and rifling their sweets.

"This is a curious phenomenon of the human mind, sir," said the stranger to the young man who stood watching his sister, with an expression of general interest. "It must be the source of many an anxious speculation to you."

"These occasional flashes of intellect are like flying meteors," said the physician with a deep sigh, "that are gone almost as soon as seen and allow no time for speculation."

"But the heart is always found in the right place," said Flora, looking affectionately at the idiot girl as she still followed the bee in its wanderings.

"How can you judge of that, Flora?" asked Alfred with a sort of half sneer; "Is she more eloquent to you than to others?"

"There are not many words requisite to show us whether the heart lies in the right place," replied the young girl significantly.

The young man looked uncomfortable, whilst an expression of evident satisfaction played round the mouth of the flower fancier.

"Selby, I wish you would go with me to try a pair of match horses that pa is thinking of buying," said Travers, anxious to be relieved from the awkward position in which he felt himself.

"I must first go and visit my patient," returned the other, and he moved towards the house."

"Well, I will wait here till you come back."

"And I will go and make another effort for the flower that I came to Genesee in search of," said the dealer in flowers, as he bowed his adieu.

"And I will recommend the study of nature to you," said Flora, addressing herself to Alfred, "for I have business to attend to in the house;" and in a moment she disappeared.

"She shall be mine, or I will have my revenge on both of them!" said the son of the wily lawyer, as he paced the garden walk till the return of Edmund, when they went off together.

[To be Continued.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY.

#### No. 6.

LAVINIA—Equality of rights is the absorbing question which is now agitating the civilized world. In some countries this idea is more fully developed than in others, but a careful observer can see the germs in all, swelling into life, and expanding with more or less vigor, while in some, we see a tendency to view this subject in reference to the rights of your own sex. The relative superiority of man and woman, is a question of deep importance, and from a calm and dispassionate view of the subject I am inclined to believe that mind in woman, is equal in energy and power to that in man, but this power and energy takes another direction, and manifests itself under those forms which are in harmony with her social position.

To establish woman's equality to man, we do not think it necessary to claim for her an excellence of the first order in the higher walks of science and literature. This is not the standard by which she is to be judged, for she has a right to appeal to one of a higher nature. We do not think under her present influences that she could have written *Paradise Lost*, or ranged with joyous freedom through all imaginary worlds with Shakspeare. She has not the boldness to abandon and lose herself in her in her own creations. She feels a secret consciousness that she is not permitted to speak with the same freedom and authority as man. A knowledge of the fact, that with many, the opinion of woman is considered synonymous with narrow and partial views, paralyzes mind, and often occasions the very weakness which is condemned. If there be one individual, on whom mind is dependent, whose praise it covets, or whose blame it deprecates, and to whom it is accountable, that very fact deprives it of very much of the freedom and energy which are necessary for the production of what is truly intellectually great. Minds which in the opinion of the world have taken the widest range have been

free; and this freedom and independence have been carried to offensive lengths, so much so, that men of genius with a few noble exceptions, have seldom attained the reputation of amiability.

How then can woman, whose whole life, if she be conscientious, is one continued struggle to repress every thought which is not connected with her immediate duties, ever think of putting herself in successful competition with man? It must be extremely difficult for man, whose duties in life call forth some particular mental and moral attributes, to the exclusion of others, fully to comprehend the character of woman. To do this he must have a mind of such comprehensive power, that it can pass from the more obvious motives of action with which he is himself conversant, into those secret and more hidden springs, which lie within the depths of our nature, and which are not affected by outward and visible things. There are but few men that can fully comprehend the self-denying virtues of woman. Her untiring energy in the discharge of domestic duties; her readiness to yield up her most cherished plans, when they interfere with the pleasure of another; her forgetfulness of self in the daily exactions of the wife and the mother; her meekness, patience, gentleness and forbearance, must remain forever inexplicable to one who takes exclusive views of our nature.

Much has been said Lavinia, upon the benefits which Christianity has conferred upon woman. But it is worthy of remark, that it came not to give her the right of political equality, or to enable her to occupy high places of worldly honor; it came not to ameliorate her physical condition, for man and woman stand nearly in the same relative position in all nations; but it came with a mission of much higher import to woman, and the world. It came to bring into notice a class of virtues, which man in the pride of his heart, had spurned at and despised, and which he had opprobriously branded with the epithet of womanly. It came to proclaim that these long despised virtues were owned and acknowledged by God himself, teaching that it is only through these same virtues, as from a starting point, that man can ever hope to rise to his proper dignity, and fit himself for that higher and more perfect life, which is in reserve for him. Viewed in this light, we may truly say that the promulgation of Christianity was the triumph of woman. It has opened a world of excellence which was unknown to the ancients. It has thrown into the shade the heroic virtues which man had claimed as his own, and pronounced those high and honorable which had been considered as belonging exclusively to woman. It reconciles the condition between her humble employments and narrow sphere, and the restless, far-reaching impulses of her mind. It confirms and sanctions her present position in society, but provides against all sense of degradation, (which is so injurious to the character,) by presenting to her high and holy motives of action—motives which when they become the guiding rules of conduct, unite the lowly Christian with the arch-angel of Heaven—binding all to God. It is upon the principle of moral worth that he judges, and before this standard man and woman must meet on equal ground. Here is the equality which God recognizes.

While to a certain extent man is called upon to represent those attributes of our nature which bind us to earth, it is woman's province to represent

those which unite us to Heaven. Both are necessary to a full development of our natures; and by that sympathy which mind holds with mind, the influence of each is acknowledged, and united they form one perfect whole. Therefore we may appeal to woman, as she values the true interests of society, to be faithful to the charge which has been committed to her keeping. What if she has been denied political privileges and civil rank? what if she cannot command the applause of listening senates, or cause those great results which attract the attention of an admiring world? These are destined to perish with our short existence on earth; whilst love, meekness, charity, purity, and humility, are the ultimate attributes of our nature, which shall endure in progressive development through eternity. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that before woman can become a proper companion for man, she must become mentally independent of him: that is, she must take for her guide those laws which proceed from God; otherwise the submission which Christianity teaches, will degenerate into servile fear, and thus degrade, rather than exalt. Man's praise must not be her highest reward, or his blame her greatest fear. Religion has broken her chains, and she ought to feel she is free, and while with all meekness she yields a ready "yea," and a cheerful obedience where it is due, yet she must recognize the law which demands this, as emanating from the gospel, and transfer the submission from a frail mortal like herself, to the Sovereign of the Universe.

Thus Lavinia we see that beyond the busy sphere in which man moves, there lies an extensive world of far greater power, and higher excellence, which belongs not to the world of sense, but is connected with the spiritual and eternal, and which contains within it, those principles of our nature which alone are indestructible; and of this world, woman has been appointed guardian. She never can fulfil her true destiny until by a proper religious self-discipline, she prepares herself to become man's moral guide, his moral exemplar. If she has the honorable ambition of becoming the true friend of man, and not his mere dependant, she must take enlarged and extensive views of our whole nature, that she may be able to judge in what his true interest consists. Her station should be at his side to comfort and encourage; she should at all times keep her hand upon the golden key that opens the portals of the celestial city, and be ever ready to confirm his wavering virtue, by presenting to his view those truths and moral responsibilities, which he is too apt to forget in his rude conflict with the world.

The Gospel points to a period in the future history of man, when the better principles of his nature which have remained comparatively dormant, or have been exercised but feebly, shall have leave to take their course freely and triumphantly; and philosophy groping darkly, begins to perceive a light which conducts to the same conclusion. Hence the question to be answered by your own sex is—"am I hastening this consummation: if so does no low personal ambition blend with my motives? Is my aim, not the triumph of woman—but rather the triumph of those holier and better principles which I am commissioned to show forth in their full beauty and strength, in my daily life and conversation?" It is a matter of proud congratulation among women, that whatever extraordinary

talents have been bestowed, or pre-eminent powers developed in their sex, piety has ever been their concomitant. There is a native purity, a devoted tenderness in her heart, which naturally leads her to Christianity. On no other altar can she pour out the pure aspirations of her nature. Why then should man—that leans with such confiding trust upon woman's truth and fidelity, upon her holy tenderness and piety—why should he seek to substitute in her heart a borrowed affection, for that native dignity of spirit which is designed to soothe and console him, and make his home happy? When oppressed by the cares of the world, what is it that allays his grief? that substitutes the heart touching prayer for the cold tones of hypocrisy? It is woman's piety, her undying love, her unwearied watchfulness.

Claverack, N. Y. 1848. FRANK WESTON.

## MISCELLANY.

### ON THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

It seems to have been the favorite object of most ages and countries to preserve from putrefaction the bodies of those who, in life, had been beloved or respected. The Egyptians have succeeded in their mummies, and the Romans in burning and collecting the ashes of the dead; but the more natural and rational process has seldom been considered, viz. that of speedily incorporating with the earth all that remains of organized matter.

There is a class of animals (*Vermes*) which forms the connecting link betwixt animal and vegetables. Instead, therefore of incasing the corpse in lead or oak coffins, or embalming to preserve it a little longer from the worms, it is surely more rational, and more according to the laws of nature, to bury it in such thin or perishable materials as may most speedily promote its dissolution; and, if the surface of the ground were covered with flowering plants, the grave, instead of an object of disgust and horror, might be converted into a pleasing record of our past affections.

How delightful is the thought, that while we are inhaling the fragrance of a rose or violet, growing in the mould composed of our ancestors or friends, we may be breathing the pure and perfumed essence of all that now remains of what was in life most dear to us.

If all our church-yards were flower-gardens, and every grave a bed of roses, we should learn to look on the mansions of the dead with hope and joy, and not with dread and disgust; and the good Christian should follow his Lord's example, whose burial-place was in a garden.

### THE DANGERS OF POWER.

THE sheep, exposed to be more or less the prey of every animal, came before Jove, and representing to him his wretched condition, prayed him to alleviate it. Jove seemed propitious, and said to the sheep "Thou thinkest then, my poor creature, that I have left thee all too defenceless. Thou has but to choose thy remedy for this defect. Wouldst thou have me to arm thy mouth with formidable tusks and thy feet with claws?" "Oh, no!" said the sheep, "I will have nothing in common with the ravenous beasts." "Or," continued Jove, "shall I infuse poison into thy saliva?" "Ah," said the sheep, "the poisonous snake is an object of such universal hatred." "Well, what am I to



do? Say, shall I plant horns upon thy forehead, and impart strength to thy neck?" "Oh, no, no, mighty father! I might be as ready to butt, to strike with my horns, as the bull, the buck, or the goat." "And yet what other way is there to prevent others from hurting thee, unless by giving thee the power to hurt them?" "And is this so?" sighed the sheep; "then leave me, mighty father, as I am. The power to injure may awake in me the desire to injure; and far better is it to suffer wrong than to inflict it." Jove blessed the good sheep, and from that hour it complained no more.—*Lessing.*

## LITERARY FAME.

BEING partially known to-day and universally forgotten to-morrow. To what does this posthumous existence amount? At most it is but a question of one small link in the circular chain of eternity. He who writes in a modern language, is but the suicide of his own fame: scribbling on the sand what the next wave of time will obliterate; he gets a short respite, not a pardon from oblivion! Every thing is incessantly passing away, the physical and the moral, the corporeal and the intellectual;—the very elements of nature are subject to decay. Not that this would affect—as an author, for in his writings there is little or nothing of nature. In one sense they are eternal—"For he who reads them, reads them to no end." Literary fame is more easily caught than kept. If you do nothing you are forgotten, and if you write and fail, your former success is thrown in your teeth. He who has a reputation to maintain has a wild beast in his house, which he must constantly feed, or it will feed upon him.

## "IS THAT A MUSKATO?"

"AND is you're going out to the East Hinges, my darlint Mrs. Marconey?" said an old Irish coney to a young wife of a soldier about to embark for Madras. "I've been in them parts meself, and well do I remember the torments I went through day and night with the muskatoes. They have long suckers hanging down from their heads, and they'll draw the life-blood out of ye, before you can say 'peas.'"

The terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman; the vessel made Madras roads, the decks were soon crowded, all hands delighted at the sight of land, Mrs Marconey amongst the rest—but her joy was of short duration, for on shore she perceived an elephant; horror-struck at the sight, and in breathless agitation, she approached the mate, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "Holy mother! is that a muskato?"

## FAINT NOT IN WELL DOING

Thus does the Spirit summon all ministers of God, all earnest men and women, everywhere, to consecrate their wakeful energies, cordially and uncompromisingly, without fear or hesitation, over-prudence or dread of censure, with generous utterance of cheering words brave alacrity in co-operative deeds—with a respect for man which no failures dishearten, and a trust in Providence that cannot falter—with pure, wise, universal devotedness—to the service of this Transition—Age. We are not alone. Triumphant prophets, poets, and heroes, the martyrs, legislators, and loving souls of earlier

days—a cloud of witnesses, forever swelling—gaze down with alternate fear and hope, as we conspire with them in working out the salvation of the race. Bright angels, refined and purified on other globes, in bygone eternities, surround us with luminous spheres of influence. And, by immediate agencies of our Heavenly Father, agencies constant and pervasive as attraction, penetrating but noiseless as sunlight, subtle and invigorating as life, are we led onward, ever onward; to ONENESS WITH MAN, WITH NATURE AND WITH GOD.

## MISER.

ONE who, though he loves himself better than all the world, uses himself worse; for he lives like a pauper, in order that he may enrich his heirs, whom he naturally hates, because he knows that they hate him, and sigh for his death. In this respect, misers have been compared to leeches, which, when they get sick and die, disgorge, in a minute, the blood they have been so long sucking up.

Pithy enough was the reply of the avaricious old man, who, being asked by a nobleman of doubtful courage what pleasure he found in amassing riches which he never used, answered—"Much the same that your Lordship has in wearing, a sword."

Perhaps the severest reproach ever made to a miser, was uttered by Voltaire. At a subscription of the French Academy for some charitable object, each contributor putting in a *louis d'or*, the collector, by mistake, made a second application to a member, noted for his penuriousness—"I have already paid," exclaimed the latter with some asperity—"I beg your pardon," said the applicant: "I have no doubt you paid; I believe it, though I did not see it."—"And I saw it, and do not believe it," whispered Voltaire.

## DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL,

It is a curious fact, that the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the lady of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland, in the reign of James the Second, after that monarch's abdication, was driven by distress to keep one of the stands in Exeter Change, in the Strand (the original English Bazaar), at that time a place of fashionable resort. Here she sold millinery, the labor of hours by night, in an obscure apartment in which she slept. It was then the custom for women in public to wear masks, and the Duchess in her little shop, uniformly appeared in a white mask and dress, and was called by the loungers of the day, "the White Widow." Her rank was accidentally discovered, and she had afterwards, a pension granted from the crown.

## PRACTICAL SUBTRACTION.

"PETER what are you doing to that boy?"

"He wanted to know if you take ten from twenty how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show how many he would have left, and he wants me to give them back to him."

"Why don't you give them back, Peter?"

"Because, sir, then he would forget how many are left."

## MOTHERS.

Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters:—Truth has produced hatred; Success,

pride; Security, danger; and Familiarity, contempt. And, on the contrary, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters, for Astronomy is the offspring of astrology; Chemistry of alchemy; Freedom, of oppression; Patience, of long-suffering.

How to be HAPPY.—A gentleman out west gives the following as his opinion of what constitutes perfect bliss: Be content as long as your mouth is full and your body warm—remember the poor—kiss the pretty girls—don't rob your neighbor's hen roost—never pick an editor's pocket, nor entertain an idea that he is going to treat—kick dull care to the deuce—black your own boots—sew on your own buttons, and be sure to take a paper.

"ARRAH, Pat, wouldn't ye better be afther bringing home the shovel I lent ye last Christmas?" "De'il a bit! I haven't done with it this three weeks." "Be japers! and what'll I do for a shovel meself?" "It's perfectly aisy for ye to borrow one as I did, so be off wid yeself and not be afther botherin' me agin wid yer nonsense."

"JOHN!" "Sir." "Have you sanded the sugar this morning?" "Yes." "Have you gravelled the coffee?" "Yes." "Have you watered the whiskey?" "Yes." "Well, dust the tea and come in to prayer."

RELIGION.—Religion is nothing else than the most excellent truths, the contemplation of the most ravishing pleasures; and to the practice of such duties as are most serviceable to our happiness, and to our peace, our health, our honor, our prosperity, and our eternal welfare.

A TEXT.—"Tom, stand out of the way of the gentleman." "How do you know he is a gentleman?" "Because he has got on striped pantaloons."

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. V. O. L. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; F. C. Wolcott, N. Y. \$1.00.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. Wm. H. Phillips, to Miss Jane Calhoun, both of this city.  
On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. William Adams, of Ghent, to Miss Mary Bierce of Claverack.  
On the 20th ult. by the Rev. John Campbell, Mr. Edward Mead to Miss Jennet Downing, youngest daughter of Elias Downing, Esq. all of Austerlitz.

## DEATHS.

In this city, on the 30th ult. Catharine Ann, daughter of Frederick M. and Julia Ann Griffing, aged 10 months, 28 days.  
On the 4th inst. Cornelia Wiley of Inflammation of the Lungs, aged 30 years.  
At Dover Plains, Dutchess County, on the 29th ult. Ellsworth H. son of Stephen and Eliza C. Allen, in the 19th year of his age.  
At New-York, on the 4th inst. Archibald Doane, in his 62d year.  
At Chatham, on the 29th ult. James J. son of Jesse Crandell, Esq. in the 21st year of his age.  
In Ghent, on the 14th ult. Catharine C. daughter of George Tater, in the 22d year of her age.  
At Syracuse, on the 24th ult. Mr. Judson Webb, in the 73d year of his age.  
At Hillsdale, on the 29th ult. of consumption, Eliza Ann, wife of Wm. Abell, formerly of this city, aged 39 years.  
At Catskill, on the 20th ult. Mr. Isaac Penfield, in the 94th year of his age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## REFLECTIONS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Soon the lonely grave will hold me,  
Soon the clods this form will press;  
None be there to love or chide me,  
None to frown, and none to bless.  
There the early rose of Summer,  
On its mossy stem will bloom,  
And the soft wind's gentle murmur  
Waft abroad its sweet perfume.

There the sighing breeze of Autumn,  
Whirling round the seared leaf,  
Will in eloquence unbroken,  
Tell how life is frail and brief.  
There the howling winds of Winter,  
Spreading deep her mantle white,  
Drape me with her icy covering,  
Pure as morning's earliest light.

Suns will rise and set in beauty,  
And the moon in peerless hue,  
Gild my grave with her mild lustre,  
Stars will lend their radiance too.  
Ocean, with its ceaseless roaring,  
With the sweeping blast will blend;  
Forming with the leafless branches,  
Music, as they rise and bend.

While my spirit—ah, I tremble,  
And rejoice to trace its flight,  
It may rise forever upward,  
It may sink in darkest night.  
Yes. Eternal God—Almighty!  
Either; by thy sovereign will  
Ordered—be my destiny;  
Peace—my anxious soul be still.

Hope, hope on—despair not never.  
God is merciful as just.  
Faith looks up, and bids me ever  
In his love and promise trust.  
By his grace forever, will I,  
As through this dark world I wend,  
Place my confidence unshaken,  
In the sinner's dearest Friend.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1848.

For the Rural Repository.

## MUSIC.

Oh! music was made  
To this dark world of ours,  
In its dreariness and shade,  
Precisely what flowers,  
Are esteemed to the year,  
When their beauty and bloom,  
On the forehead appear,  
Of a winter of gloom.

They may keep in the sky,  
The ring of the song—  
Whose airy sprites fly  
The far balls among.  
Though our ears be too dull  
For so giddy a strain;  
Of sweet sound are full  
Earth's shore and its main.

And dear is the melody,  
Dearer by far,  
To dwellers in earth that be,  
Than any in star.  
Earth children! ye cherish  
The varying thrills,  
On the wind wings that perish,  
Or spring 'mong the hills.

To force out sweet notes,  
From wires and from strings,  
While a free music floats  
From inanimate things.  
To hear in the rain-drop,  
That pattereth low  
And soft on your house-top,  
A voice that ye know.

And it coaxeth your sleep,  
With its meek lullaby,  
And sweet murmurings creep  
To your soul, as your eye  
'Neath its fringe lid is hidden,  
And fair haired repose,  
By the rain spirits bidden,  
Her arm round you throws.

You were wiled to your sleep,  
And your ear, when your eye  
Sees the young morning leap,  
Hears the bird in the sky.  
In the old solemn woods  
There are whispering tones;—  
From the hollow mouthed floods  
Issue musical moans.

And there's music with love,  
And strange power in a voice,  
Your spirit to move,  
In its sorrows and joys.  
Ye rise up in gladness,  
Ye lie down in gloom;  
To the deep of your sadness,  
That music will come.

Oh! music is made  
To this dark world of ours,  
In its dreariness and shade,  
Precisely what flowers  
Are esteemed to the year,  
When their beauty and bloom,  
On the forehead appear,  
Of a winter of gloom.

Hudson, 1848.

INCOGNITO.

For the Rural Repository.

## PLEASANT WORDS.

In imitation of a poem on "Angry Words."

Words of kindness gently spoken,  
In affliction's pensive hour,  
Fall upon the heart that's broken,  
With a sweet consoling power.  
They are fraught with balm of healing,  
Where their magic tone is heard;  
Grateful to the wounded feeling,  
Is a kind and pleasant word.

Love and friendship would you cherish?  
Never taint your words with gall;  
Warmest feelings wane and perish,  
Where reproachful accents fall.  
Gentle words are ever needed,  
To embellish life's dull page;  
And their power is felt and heeded,  
By the savage and the sage.

Anger in his reckless blindness,  
And resentment in his course,  
Are, by soothing words of kindness,  
Changed to sorrow and remorse.  
Pleasant words! O let them ever  
Come unsullied from the heart;  
Then malignant passions never  
Can perform their wicked part.

Greenport, Jan. 1848.

J. McK.

For the Rural Repository.

## LINES TO MISS ———

I HAVE gazed upon thy face, lady,  
And conned it o'er and o'er,  
Till I felt that love within my heart,  
I never knew before;—  
For there was magic in thy smile,  
A witchery and a spell—  
Which brought new feelings to my breast—  
Feelings I dare not tell.

I have listened to thy voice, lady,  
And caught its lightest tone,  
And treasured up within my soul,  
Words which were mine alone;  
But simple words they were at best,  
Though to me doubly dear,  
For they were softly whispered, lady,  
To my most-willing ear.

I have touched thy small white hand, lady,  
And clasped it in mine own,  
I feel the gentle pressure still,  
Though many a day has flown;—  
But oh! how rapid beat my heart,  
My eyes were dim with tears,  
For my mind was very busy, lady,  
With many hopes and fears.

I may not seek to tell them, lady,  
For thou mightst deem me bold,  
And wouldst proudly turn away in scorn,  
Should I my heart unfold;—  
Then I will garner in my breast,  
But holy thoughts of thee,  
To guide me in the right, lady,  
Like the beacon on the sea.

Feb. 1848.

BARRY GRAY.

## New Volume, September, 1847.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD

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